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Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader,

I got a call from my sister's social worker.

Well played.

I'm more likely to answer her call than anyone else.

She ambushed me into giving my sister an intervention.

My entire family was there with her in the social worker's office.

I'm on speakerphone.

At my computer.

In the middle of the work day.

Here to save the day, once again...

But I didn't shy away from the challenge.

I know my role in this scheme, and I'm lucky, so I'm not complaining.

I have the luxury of keeping the crazy in a neat little box.

I get to control the chaos.

The entire family is rambling in the background, making this highly stressful intervention even worse.

When it comes to my family, I'm the only adult in the room.

I tell my sister to ask them to pipe down.

Nobody listens.

Most of them have not heard from me in over a year.

My father — two years, maybe three.

“Weren’t you in a car accident recently?”

“Yes.” She admits.

“So it makes sense that they might be worried about you? If you’ve been in an accident recently?”

“Yes. But someone took your car without my consent and I told them I’m responsible for it.”

“Yes. I can see why that would upset you.”

“They didn’t have the right.”

“Yes. I agree.”

“But, why won’t you take your meds?”

“This was a misdiagnosis.”

“Misdiagnosis?”

“Yes, they’re feeding you lies. Why do you even have this social worker’s phone number?”

“I know you took good care of my car. I’d prefer it if you had the car. But I’d feel much better if you took your meds. Would it be a workable agreement for you to take your meds and then be free to drive the car?”

“Why don’t you want to take the meds?”

A massive pause.

The question lands on everyone’s eardrums like an epiphany.

Nobody else tried this approach.

I'm sure I've already given my sister more empathy and understanding than the rest of the family combined.

There is a lot of psychology happening right now.

I prepared for this moment many times over, and this is why I can rise to the occasion.

Hundreds of books...

36 hours of hands-on training.

Therapy, therapy, and more therapy.

Sitting in silence for 7 days.

Zen Masters.

I need surgical-grade tools for my problems.

I became Mike Tyson as a matter of survival.

She says nothing.

“Is it the side effects?”

“You need to tell her that she’s sick and that she can’t drive anymore without taking her meds.”

That’s what the social worker had just told me before putting her on the line...

“No, it’s not that...”

“Well, what is it?”

Everyone wants to know.

She won't say.

"Didn't they say that there was another option? That if you took your meds, you could drive?"

"This was a misdiagnosis. You've been fed a bunch of lies. They've given YOUR license plate number to the police. If you drive the car, you will get arrested."

"I understand the situation you're in. It's terrible. I don't want to be your enemy..."

"I'm worried about you."

No response. She never lingers long during moments like these. She's never let anybody into her heart.

I'm sure that has NOTHING to do with her current condition.

The harsh silence lingers.

"You know what, if you want to believe the garbage they're telling you, fine. I don't need the car. I just thought you should know it's been blackballed. The cops have your license plates. You'll get arrested for driving it."

"It's a dreadful position to be in," I said. "I think your family has failed you bitterly."

More harsh silence.

She'll be mine eventually. All mine.

This is the mess I return to if I get deported.

My ex-wife wanted to pretend she didn't exist until the end of time.

"I swear to stand by you through thick and thin. In sickness and in health."

"But what about my sister?"

Nope. She's a leper.

Sometimes, a cowboy becomes a cowboy...

To get as far away as possible.

Listen...

On this healing journey, I've learned a fuck-ton.

I paid for these lessons in blood and sweat.

And, even with this unparalleled education...

I still can't save my sister.

But... maybe I can help you.

Apply to Self Love University [here](#).

Until next time,

Anton

Dancer, Writer, Buddhist.



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